

SONNET XXX,

W^E

;EP now no more, mine eyes; but
be you drowned

In your own tears, so many years distilled!
And let her know, that at them long hath
frowne^ That you can weep no more,
although She willed, This hap, her cruelty
hath her allotten,
Who whilom was Commandress of each
part; That, now, her proper griefs must
be forgotten, By those true outward
signs of inward smart. For how can he,
that hath not one tear left him,

Stream out those floods that're due unto
her moaning; When, both of eyes and tears
She hath bereft him ?

O yet I'll signify my grief with groaning!
True sighs, true groans shall echo in the air
And say, " FIDESSA, though most cruel, is
most fair !"

SONNET XXXI.

T

ONGUE, never cease to sing FIDESSA'S
praise!

Heart, however she deserve, conceive
the best! Eyes, stand amazed to see her
beauty's rays ! Lips, steal one kiss, and be for
ever blest! Hands, touch that hand wherein
your life is closed !

Breast, lock up fast in thee thy life's sole
treasure! Arms, still embrace, and never be
disclosed!

Feet, run to her, without, or pace, or
measure! Tongue, heart, eyes, lips, hands,
breast, arms, feet,

Consent to do true homage to your Queen!
Lovely, fair, gentle, wise, virtuous, sober, sweet!

Whose like shall never be, hath never
been ! O that I were all tongue, her praise
to shew; Then surely my poor heart were
freed from woe!